

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

New Ideas Asked Of Club Members

Dear Children of the Club:

The editor has been away for an annual holiday, and has just come back to the desk again. So if any of you have missed getting your prizes, the editor assures you that the first thing done this past week was to send out all packages due the T. D. C. children. Ample apologies are offered you for any delay you may have suffered, and assurances are made that you will not be required to wait in future.

The horse show is just ahead of us, and the editor hopes that all the children who love horses and enjoy good horsemanship will be able to go to the horse show and have a delightful time, listening to the music and watching the four-in-hands circle around the ring and the hunters make their clean jumps over the hurdles.

September was sultry enough to begin with, but it has been sharply bracing toward the end, hasn't it? Bracing enough to make school work seem not a hardship, and crisp enough to set one's blood a-tingle as one starts out morning and afternoon for a bright, brisk walk.

October is the golden month of the year, the time when life is at high tide, and energies are easily inclined to action. New ideas come without effort in October, and good ideas, as well as new ideas, are what will serve to render this page worthy of the time of year.

So let us see what we are going to do for the next year, beginning with this month. Let us see who is going to be first and foremost along new lines. The editor is looking out for such boys and girls and their ideas. Come on, then, and show what you can do.

THE EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS THIS WEEK.

Miss Amanda Cordes, 131 Howard Street, Prospect Hill, Lawrence, Mass., for poem entitled "Thinking of the Sea." **ALVIN COLEMAN.**
Master R. Williams, for baseball drawings. **ALVIN COLEMAN.**
Master Willie A. Calloway, for continued story entitled "A Trip Into the Woods." **ALVIN COLEMAN.**

LIST OF WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Beal, Sue Percy Coleman, Alvin
Baughan, Virginia Collins, Elsie R.
Baber, Julian T. Calloway, P. H.
Boelte, Alma S. Dimmock, M. S.
Boelte, Ernest Epperson, Nicholas.
Brown, Gladys Hale, Elizabeth
Byrd, Alice Johnson, Theresa
Haldwin, Lucile Moore, Lucile
Harkdale, W. Minor, Virginia
Clenary, Norma Marchant, G.
Cavedo, H. H. Ropp, Margaret
Cordes, Amanda Robertson, S. L.
Cordes, August Stynor, Novella
Craven, Willie Turnbull, Evelyn
Calloway, W. A. Williams, R.
Cox, Essie T. Wardle, Glimmer
Wood, Eliza.

A TRIP INTO THE WOODS.

Chapter II.

"Fast and True Stands de watch by de Rhine."

The Dutchman was chopping away at a large oak tree and singing the national song of his country, when without warning a lasso swung out over his head and closed upon his neck.

"Not in der!" he said. With a sudden jerk the Dutchman fell over on the ground. From out of the bushes sprang Tom Rogers and Ben Harper.

"Now we have you Dutchy," said Tom.

"Se you were the tramp, were you," said Ben.

"It was only a choke, yet," said the Dutchman, in hopes that the boys would let him go.

But such was not destined to be his luck. His hands were bound behind him and he was led to the water. He was taken by the two boys. When they arrived at the watermelon patch Tom began:

"Now Dutchy you must be cutting these watermelons and hiding them in the bushes while I go and call Mr. Jackson and tell him that somebody is stealing his watermelons, do you understand?"

"Dot would be stealing," replied the Dutchman.

"Remember the ducking pond," said Tom.

The Dutchman was deathly afraid of water, and consented to do whatever the boys commanded of him if they threatened to duck him.

"Oh, yes, I do as you told me all retty," he said.

"Well," said Tom, "I am going to call Mr. Jackson now, and if you don't get busy with your knife Ben will hold you until I come back and we will duck you. Get busy now, do you hear?"

"Swish! Swish! Two nice watermelons rolled over, cut from the vines. The Dutchman took them up and concealed them in some nearby bushes.

"That's the dutchy," said Ben, who had hidden himself in the bushes and was watching the Dutchman.

Presently Mr. Jackson and Tom appeared.

"Hi there! What are you doing in my watermelon patch?" yelled Mr. Jackson.

"Remember that if you tell on us we will duck you," whispered Ben.

"I was trying to—"

"None of your lies," said Mr. Jackson. "I didn't know you would steal."

He continued, "but now I have found out that you cannot be trusted."

"I certainly didn't expect this of your Dutchman, Mr. Jackson," said Tom.

"Neither did I," said Mr. Jackson.

"Perhaps if you let him off he will reform," said Tom.

"Now about it Dutchy?" asked Mr. Jackson.

"It wasounds purty good to mine ears all retty."

"I hafe me seven melons in de bushes ofer dere, but I brings dem back."

"All right, I will let you off this time, come on home and get a wagon to bring the melons home."

Mr. Jackson and the Dutchman went home and Ben jumped out of the bushes.

"Well, we got even all right," he said.

"What is this?" said Tom, as he stooped down and picked up a little piece of paper.

He unwrapped it, and read: "I will get even yet!"

"Let him try it if he wants to," said Ben.

"We will settle his hash," said Tom.

(To be continued.)

By WILLIE A. CALLAWAY.

Norwood, Va.



"Camping near the sea."



The Giant.

Once there was a giant who lived where nobody knows; he would come every night when everybody was asleep.

The king had a son, the prince, and the giant came and brought a magic wand and when he touched the prince, he turned into a pig. The prince at once flew to the nearest tree by the house.

When the king awakened in the morning, he called the prince, and the prince then hopped on the window and told the king how the giant had done him. The king frowned and awakened the queen and told her what the giant had done to the prince. The queen said that the giant should be killed.

They stayed up all night to think how to kill the giant. There was a fairy, but she could not be good unless somebody was good to her.

The queen thought about the prince, and in the morning the king got some of his men to dig a deep hole, so that night when the giant came, he thought he saw a diamond in his house. He quickly ran, not looking where he was going, and fell right in the hole.

Then the fairy came and turned the prince into himself. The fairy came into the palace and said to the king, "You have killed the giant, and I have given you your reward." The king thanked the fairy, and then the fairy disappeared.

The king thought then he would have a merry life, but he did not. His queen got sick and died. After a year had passed, the king married again. The woman was a witch, and was all right for about three days, but those days she was thinking how to kill the prince.

One day when it was snowing she sent the prince to get some violets. The prince knew that violets did not grow in winter, but she made him go.

He went, and he went, so at last he thought he saw a little house. He went so thirsty that he thought there might be some springs that way, he walked a little, and then came to a spring, he drank of the water. When he had finished he turned into a dog, and went up to the little house not seeing any violets.

As he was coming back he saw the witch, and ran up and bit the witch in the leg. The witch came again, and turned the dog into himself, and the prince thanked the fairy and then the fairy went away.

The prince told the king how the witch had been so mean to him and the king was very angry, and he got the witch burned up, and they lived happy forever after. Composed by WINIFRED BARKSDALE.

Age Eight.

How Decius Mus Saved Rome.

The sun was just rising on the hill, where the Romans were encamped. But not yet grown to be great. On one of the slopes of Mount Vesuvius the Latin army was encamped.

The Latin army outnumbered the Romans. Decius Mus and Manlius Torquatus were the consuls of Rome. They both had a dream that night. Manlius saw a gray-eyed maiden, clad in shining armor, and carrying a sword, came and stood beside him, and said if you will save Rome you must heed what I say.

"The army which loses its general shall be victorious," said Decius Mus. "My dream is the same," said Decius Mus. Manlius and Decius led the army. The Romans fought furiously, and the left wing was the first to waver. Decius Mus ran boldly up a little hill, where both armies could see him, and said: "Rome! I give the victory to thee!"

With these words he ran right into the Latin soldiers. Spears were thrown at him and he was killed. With a cry of vengeance the Romans followed their leader, killing and wounding the Latins.

The Latins were thrown into confusion and fled, and Decius Mus had saved Rome.

ANDREW G. BRYANT.

High Street, Franklin, Va.

THE MERMAID.

Once, a long time ago, there was a little girl. She lived at the bottom of the sea. Her father (king of

the seas) had a palace there. The fish swam about there as the birds in here. Every day the sun shone about her, and everything was bright.

One night when all the palace was asleep she got up. Nobody seeing her, she went to the sea witch's house, where there were frogs and snakes and all horrid things.

She had seen the prince of that country, and had fallen in love with him. Composed by ALVIN COLEMAN.

(To be continued.)

PETER RABBIT.

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand-bank underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit, one morning, you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there—he was run over by a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Run along and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns. Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter ran off into the garden.

BARBARA W. LEWIS.

Age Eight years.

Hanover Courthouse, Va.

(Continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY.

CHAPTER III.

I was taken out of the little boy's bank one night by some robbers, and they took me and tied me up in something and carried me off to I don't know where. They kept me four or five years, and when one day they got hungry they went to the store, and I was given a whole storekeeper, and every Saturday night I was put in a big black thing they called a safe.

One day when the rest of the money was taken out, I was left alone. I left there until one day when the man was cleaning out his safe he found me, and I was given to a little girl who came in one day.

CHAPTER IV.

The little girl kept me a long time in her dress pocket, and one day she was playing beside the deep water and fell in, and I fell out of her pocket, and was carried down into the ocean.

I stayed in the ocean a long time, and then one day a big fish thought I was something to eat and when he was swimming around he was caught in the net and carried out of the water and killed. When he was cut open, the man saw me, and put me in his pocket, and this is the end of my adventures.

KATHERINE MARSH.

Ashland, Va., Box 174.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

All is finished and the bridal day has come at last. To-day the vessel will be launched.

The sky is blancheted with fleecy clouds, the people and the sun come to behold the sights.

The old ocean, as uncontrolled as youth itself, paces restless up and down the golden sands, and his beating heart is not at rest as he impatiently waits for his bride.

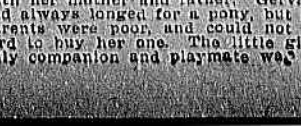
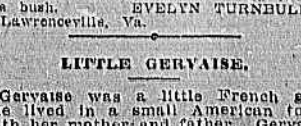
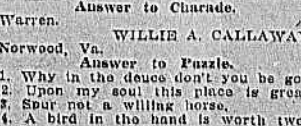
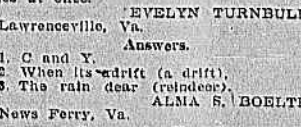
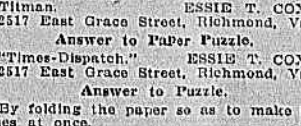
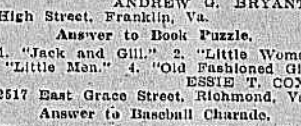
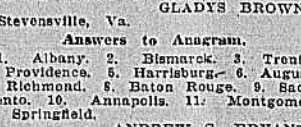
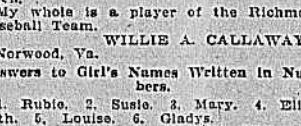
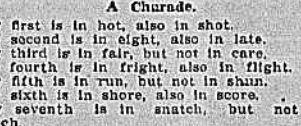
There she stands upon the sand decked with flags and streamers in honor of the day. The snow-white signals fluttering round her like veils. She is ready to be the bride of the grey old sea.

Then the master gave the command, and suddenly she moves and as if to spurn the ground, and leaps into the ocean's arms.

ELSI R. COLLINS.

1500 W. Broad Street, City.

Puzzle Department.



Little dog Pierre. One day, as Gervaise and her little dog were playing out in front of the house, the richest lady in the town drove by. As Gervaise looked up from her play to gaze at the handsome carriage, the lady was struck with her beauty, and told the coachman to stop.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked the lady, kindly.

"Gervaise Lecourt, Madame," said Gervaise.

"You seem to be a very nice little girl. Would you like to come and see me to-morrow?"

"Very well, then—to-morrow morning at nine," and with a smile the lady drove off.

The next morning Gervaise was seen on the steps of a handsome house, with her hand on the bell, with Pierre, as usual, by her side. She was a very pretty child, with long, golden curls and dark-blue eyes.

We now find her in the lady's boudoir.

"What is your little dog's name, my dear?"

"Pierre," said Gervaise.

"Is he your only pet?"

"Oh, Madame!"

"What would you like to have for a pony, Madame?"

"And so you shall," said the lady.

"Your age?"

"Ten years."

And the kind lady was true to her word, for soon after a beautiful little black pony came to Gervaise. She named it Marie, after the dear lady, who became her staunch friend, it soon became a familiar sight to see Gervaise riding along on her pony, with little Pierre barking at her heels.

NAN R. WHITE.

Warrenton, Va.

Thinking of the South.

Where a brook gently flowing.

And the moon is gleaming bright.

Where the stars are faintly glowing.

I was standing one still night.

Back my thoughts are slowly drifting.

To a home so bright and fair.

Way down South in sunny Dixie.

In my fancy, I am there.

Roaming through the fields of cotton.

While the birds are singing clear.

You will never be forgotten.

Southern land to me so dear!

And the world to me seems brighter.

In my dear old Southern home.

Than it does up here in northland.

Where I now so sadly roam.

For the sunny South I'm longing.

For dear old Dixie, true and grand.

And I hope to go some day.

Back to dear old Dixie land.

Composed by AMANDA CORDES.

131 Howard Street, Prospect Hill, Lawrence, Mass.

Molly Pitcher.

Molly Pitcher was born in 1744 at Carlisle, Pa. Mary Ludwig was her real name, Molly Pitcher being a nickname which was afterwards given her in the army.

In 1769 she married a barber, John Hays.

When the Revolution broke out John Hays joined the American army with the troops from Pennsylvania. He was followed by his faithful wife, who then made her living by working for the officers. But this was not all, she did not hesitate to fire cannon while a battle was going on.

On the 28th of June, 1777, a battle was fought at Monmouth, N. J. It was a very hot day, and Molly, with her husband, was busy carrying water to the wounded and thirsty soldiers. She saw her husband, who had charge of a cannon, shot down. The vacant cannon was ordered to be carried away; but Molly went to it, seized the rammer, and fired the cannon during the rest of the battle.

When Washington heard of it he sent for her, praised her, and made her a sergeant, and Congress gave her her husband's rank.

All during the Revolution Molly was a favorite with the soldiers, and when the war was over she went to live in her own place, Carlisle. Here she made her living in different ways, until her death, in 1823.

A monument has been erected at Monmouth showing her in the act of firing a cannon. I love to read of this brave woman, and I hope to see something to her memory at Jamestown.

AMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.

Tally, Va.

DEAR OLD MICHIGAN.

I.

My heart is longing for Michigan.

I never shall forget that place.

Whether far or near.

II.

Often have I roamed along

One of those "Great Lakes."

The one that lies in Michigan

And has the same name as the State.

III.

The snowdrifts in the winter.

Oh! what sport they make.

And the cool breeze in the summer.

Coming off the "Levee" in October.

MINNIE JOHNSON.

23 Chappell St., Petersburg, Va.

SUNSET COMPANION TO DAWN.

When the golden sunset

Then the shadows lengthen.

And all grows calm and still.

The blue mingles in with the pink and gold.

Till the great red sun goes down.

Like a magician wields his magic wand.

And a soft, mellow light shines around.

When all grows calm and quiet.

The stars come out one by one.

And the moon shines out her pale yellow light.

As compared with the setting sun.

Composed by PARKE MORRIS.

Farmville, Va.

The Cherries.

III.

"Where are the cherries?" asked Tommy's mamma.

"They are all gone," he answered sadly. "All gone!"

Why, Mrs. Manser told me only yesterday to send for some. Couldn't she spare any?"

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, where are they?"

"In Matt's tummy and mine."

"Tommy, Tommy, did you eat them all?"

"Yes